THE SAPPHIRE

1923

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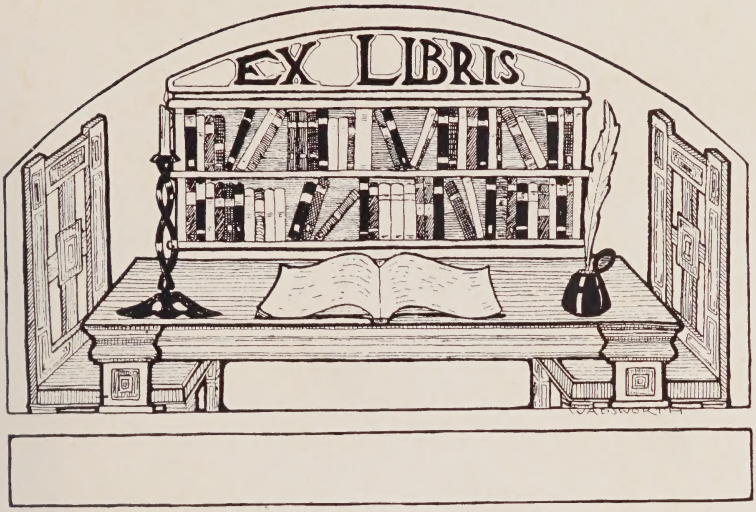
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FASSIFERN

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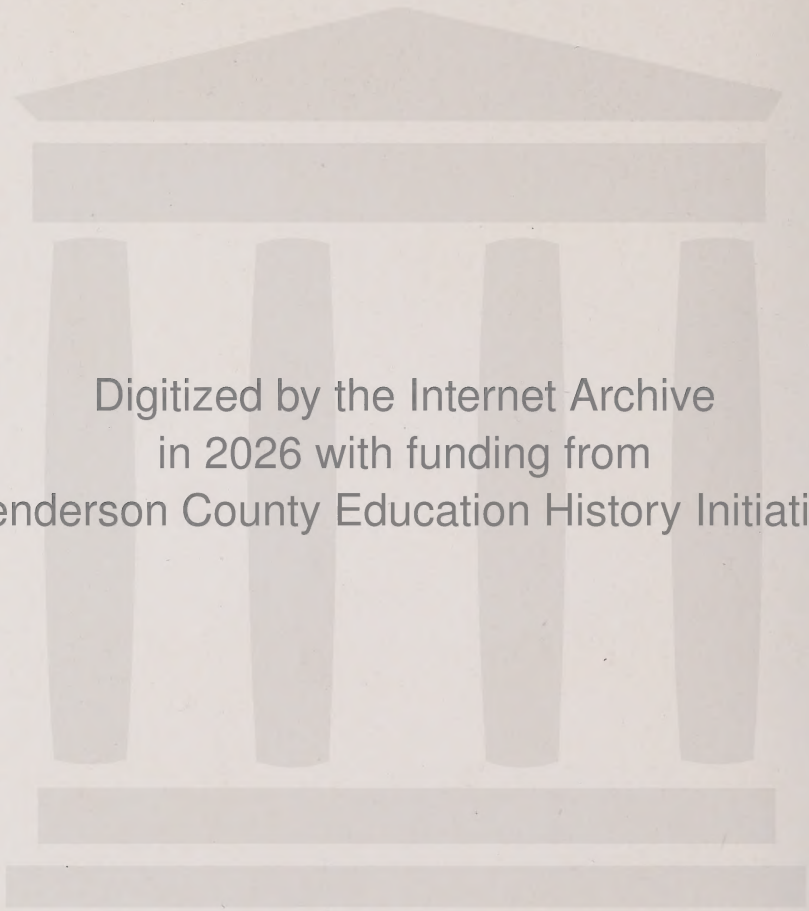

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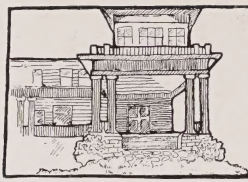
The Sapphire

Nineteen
Twenty-three

PUBLISHED BY
FASSIFERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.



Foreword

THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED TO

MISS VERA BELCHER

AND

MISS GIZELLA WEISS

IN TOKEN OF OUR DEEP APPRECIATION FOR THEIR UNSELFISH CO-OPERATION, THEIR SKILLFUL GUIDANCE AND THEIR LOYAL SUPPORT, NOT ONLY IN "SAPPHIRE" WORK, BUT IN ALL FASSIFERN UNDERTAKINGS.

DEDICATION

THIS UNWORTHY BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO OUR MOTHERS, WHOSE HANDS HAVE MADE FOR US A STRAIGHT WHITE ROAD TO THE ATTAINMENT OF OUR AMBITIONS; WHOSE GLORIOUS LIVES HAVE BEEN THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR DREAMS; WHOSE IDEALS ARE SHINING STARS, DIRECTING EACH LITTLE BUFFETED BARK, UNFAILINGLY, UNTIRINGLY, TO A HAVEN OF VASTER LOVE FOR GOD, FOR MAN.

The Principals

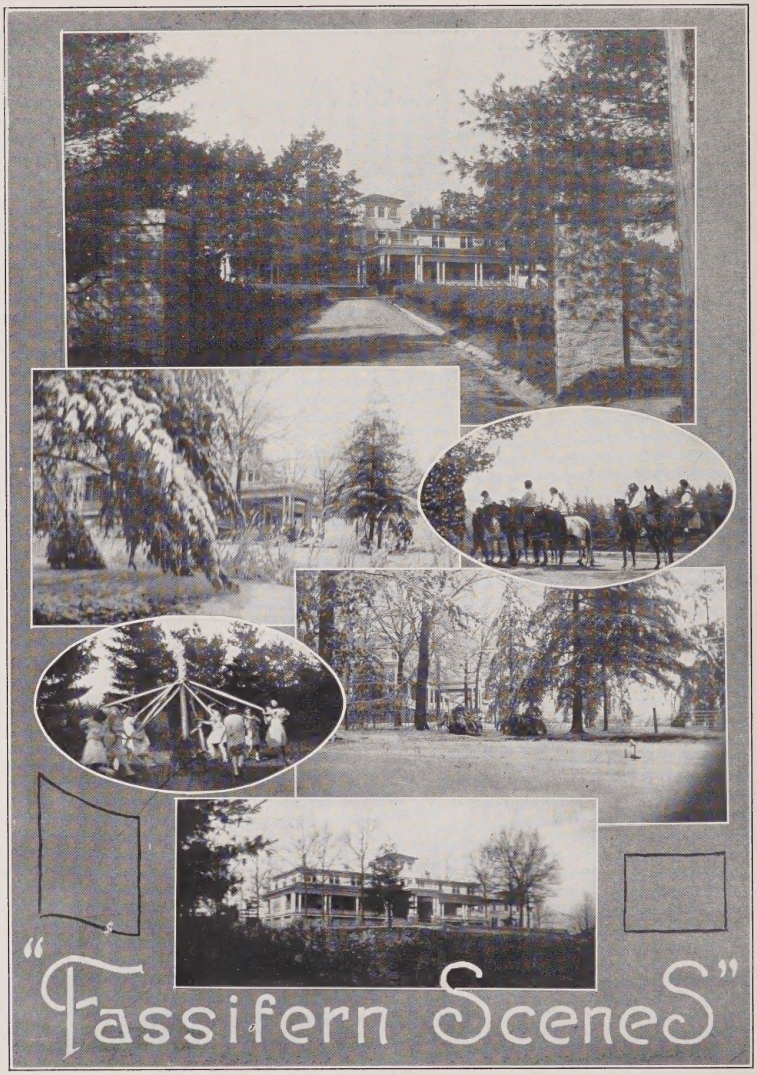
Two sisters, both truly great and good, who have succeeded, through their earnest and untiring efforts, in impressing on our hearts their own ideals of love and honor, unselfishness and truth, with the special ideal and standard of Fassifern, a nobler woman, sincerely thoughtful, genuinely good, happily ambitious.

The Faculty

Miss Louise Steinbrenner
Miss Letitia Ricaud
Mrs. Bruce Drysdale
Miss Martha Wright
Miss Martha Dowd

Miss J. F. Westfeldt
Miss Vera Belcher
Miss M. H. Sampson
Miss H. L. Abbott
Miss Evelyn Graham

Miss G. R. Weiss
Miss Marian Blair
Miss Marian Hart
Mrs. Wright
Mlle. Merminod



"Fassifern Scenes"

Sapphire Staff

KATHARINE JOHNON . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
MARGARET DOUBLEDAY . . . . . *Assistant Editor*
RAE STEELE . . . . . *Business Manager*
ELIZABETH BROWN . . . . . *Assistant Business Manager*
WESTRAY KIRK
CAROLINE PARKER . . . . . *Art Staff*
LEONORA HOOPER
ELISABETH COUNCILL . . . . . *Music*
ADRIENNE HANBY . . . . . *Domestic Art*
JUDITH SHELTON . . . . . *Athletics*
ELIZABETH WOODWARD . . . . . *Locals*
MATALEE LAKE . . . . . *Senior*
CORINNA LAXTON . . . . . *Junior*
MARTHA PARKER . . . . . *Sophomore*
ELIZABETH BERRY . . . . . *Freshmen*

Senior Class Poem

We've come a many changing mile
With sinking hearts and joyful smile,
With treasured trusts and faith deep-laid,
And dreams from China to the Nile.

Vast dreams to keep us to the right,
To service made by love more bright;
Ambitions, founded in the clouds
To bring us wonder and delight.

White, honest white, and shining gold,
Visions splendid, glorious, hold
For us, the Class of Twenty-three,
True loyalty and faith untold.

When gray defeat our course has marred,
And going forward proved too hard,
We've stood together, battled true,
Lifted our hearts to skies, bright-starred.

This is the end; and Twenty-three
Will scatter far, some o'er the sea,
Some college-bound, with eager hope,
Lawyers or statesmen great to be.

Yet not the end; for these spent years,
Founded on common laughs and tears,
Are not so easily forgot—
Nor come Oblivion's barbed spears.

With bonds of friendship joined fast,
With fleeting joys and sorrows past,
With brighter hope, our Twenty-three
United stands, until the last.

SENIORS

Senior Class

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Marechal Neil Rose

OFFICERS

MATALEE LAKE . . . . . *President*
ROSAMOND FLANAGAN . . . . . *Vice-President*
GEORGIE ARMSTRONG . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS MARIAN BLAIR . . . . . *Sponsor*
MISS LETITIA RICAUD . . . . . *Adviser*
MARGARET DOUBLEDAY . . . . . *Prophet*
MATILDA BARNES . . . . . *Historian*
KATHARINE JOHNSON . . . . . *Poet*
DOROTHY HOBBS . . . . . *Mascot*

Florence Georgie Armstrong

Jamestown, N. C.

General Council, '21, '22, '23; Best All-Round Cup, '23; "Most Dignified," '22; Athletic Editor, '22; Neatest, '22; Freshman President, '21; Tennis Club, '22; Sub-Team, '22, '23; Captain Senior Basketball Team, '23; Guilford County Club, '22; Episcopal Treasurer, '23; Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class, '23; Marshal, '22; Secretary-Treasurer Service League, '23; Senior Play, '23; Class Team, '21; Westfeldt Medal, '22; Wearer of "F," '23; Manager of the Basketball Team, '23; Class Team, '22; Complimentary Medal, Miss Shipp's, '22; "Best All-Round," '23; Entered, '20; Dean of T. K. S., '23.

Georgie is the best all-round, and a good sport, not only in basketball, but in the little every-day things that go to make up school life.

"In her we see honor, truth and loyalty."

Matilda Bynum Barnes

Wilson, N. C.

Cotillion Club, '22, '23; Wilson County Club, '22; Eastern North Carolina Club; Senior Play, '23; Music Club, '22, '23; Class Historian, '23; Entered, '20; W. A. W., '22; Vice-President, '23.

She is to be envied for her beauty, loved for her kindness, admired for her good-fellowship—a girl of whom all speak highly.

"To know her is to love her."

Elizabeth Agnes Councill

Hickory, N. C.

Music Editor Sapphire, '23; Music Club, '22, '23; Elizabethan Club, '22; Western North Carolina Club, '22; W. A. W.

She is the stuff all right. She is so musical that you might think she couldn't be studious, too, but she is. Then on top of all this she is the most popular person you ever saw. Every time you turn around in McBee Hall, someone is calling her and she always has to practice for something. Indeed she is practicing so much that we never see enough of her.

"The music of the angel's lips
Trembles at her finger tips."

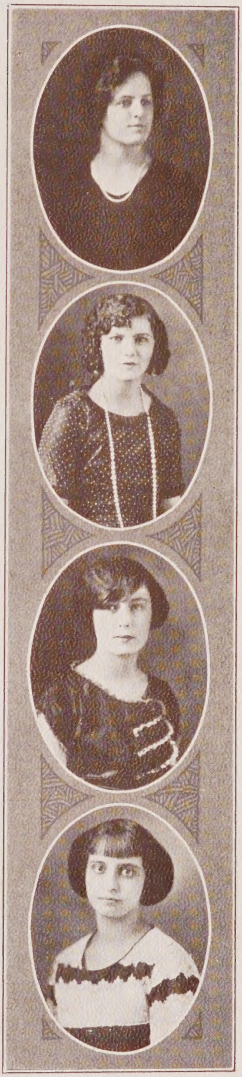
Rosamond Flanagan

Greenville, N. C.

Vice-President Senior Class; Glee Club, '23; Cotillion Club, '23; Wearer of the "F,"; Senior Volley Ball Team; Baptist Treasurer, '23; Riding Club, '23; Domestic Art Certificate; Eastern Carolina Club, '22; W. A. W.

The sweetest, most generous girl imaginable—that's "Posy." The only fault she has is that she worries too much. We all know that if worrying would bring J— any closer, she'd worry even harder than she does. Of course, she could succeed in a career if she wanted to, but we are all afraid she won't want to. But whatever she undertakes to do we know she'll succeed—because that's just "Posy."

"To know her is to realize her worth."



Adrienne Hanby

Wilmington, N. C.

Glee Club, '23; Cotillion Club, '22, '23; Secretary-Treasurer, '23; Domestic Science Certificate; Domestic Art Certificate; Baptist Treasurer; Riding Club, '22; Tennis Club, '22, '23; Domestic Art Editor; W. A. W. Secretary, '23.

Have you ever thought so much of a person that you couldn't possibly express what you have to say? That's the way we feel in regard to Hanby. You mustn't tell her, but she is an ideal girl—one who abounds in school spirit, lovableness and fun.

"A good, true friend, and a jolly pal,
Whimmsical, witty and wise;
A lovable, playful, active girl,
Makes good in all she tries."

Sadie Alice Jenkins

Henrietta, N. C.

Class Secretary-Treasurer, '19; Music Club, '20; Tennis Club, '22; Jump-Off; Grand-Children's Club, '21; Entered, '18.

Sadie is a dear. She is generous, kind, sweet, and a good sport. Her witty remarks are enjoyed by all in Cameron Hall. The number of letters she gets from Wake Forest and elsewhere proves her popularity among the boys as well as the girls.

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."

Katharine Johnson

Del Rio, Tex.

Glee Club, '22, '23; Western North Carolina Club, '22; Sapphire Staff, '22; Editor-in-Chief, '23; Class Poet, '23; Dramatic Club, '23; "Most Studious," '23; Service League President, First Quarter, Vice-President, Third Quarter; Senior Play; Entered, '21; T. K. S.

Well, there's one thing, I cannot say too much about her. She's loyalty, truth, and honor. There're worlds to her of such great depths that you cannot fully appreciate her until you know her absolutely. Her worth is known by everyone, for so it should, as she stands for everything that's best in life. With all this, she's not lacking in a sense of humor.

"The noblest mind, the best contentment has."

Westray Fairburne Kirk

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Art Staff, Sapphire, '23; Assistant Art Editor, '22; Art Certificate; Class Team, '22, '23; Tennis Club, '22; Jump-Offs, '22; Junior Marshal; Dramatic Club, '23; Glee Club, '23; "Best Follower," '23; Candidate for Diploma; Entered, '18; T. K. S.

A splash of silver on a flickering saffron flame—Westray's dancing; slim-lettered, clear-lined posters—Westray's drawing; talented, dainty, strangely elusive, Westray herself.

"There was a veil, past which I could not see."

Matalee Talbutt Lake

Washington, D. C.

Senior President, '23; Senior Class Annual Representative, '23; Commencement Play, '22; Riding Club, '22, '23; Music Club, '23; Vice-President Service League, Second Quarter; Baptist Treasurer; "Sweetest," '23; May Queen, '23; Entered, '21; T. K. S.

Filtered moonlight in a terraced garden, sweet with the faint fragrance of fresh white lilacs and stately roses—Matalee is as sweet, as lovely, as gentle as these, and more, much more that we cannot express. But it is not only the charm of her that has made her such a wonderful Senior President, but likewise a shining something deep in her that is strong and fine which makes whatever she undertakes a success. Matalee is rarer and finer than the most sparkling precious stone—and there is only one of her.

"When I look on a pearl
It is as if I looked on her."

Flora McDonald

Rocky Mount, N. C.

Cotillion Club; Vice-President Senior Class; Vice-President Service League, First Quarter; Senior Basketball Team; T. K. S.; Entered, '21; Candidate for Diploma.

A type of the ideal—Flora. Straightforward, true, sincere, loyal; forgetful of herself, mindful only of other people and their happiness; as strong as the hills, and as dependable. She enjoys life with appreciation. She believes in it with hope.

"About thee is the sound of rushing wings."

Caroline Mebane Parker

Graham, N. C.

Tennis Club, '22, '23; Riding Club, '22, '23; Art Staff of Sapphire, '23; Dramatic Club, '23; Art Certificate, '23; Jump-Offs, '22; Only Child, '22; Entered, '21.

Parker is indeed our store of knowledge in McBee Hall, but by that one must not think that she is dignified—well just ask anyone over here. She is going to be a lawyer and we are firmly convinced that she will be a good one, judging from her argumentative ability. Parker is an artist also, and when she does not hold a book she has a paint brush in her hands. Parker is a good sport, loved by all.

"And still they gazed on, still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all she knew."

Elizabeth Lindsay Plumly

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Freshman Basketball Team; Music Club; Guilford-Forsyth County Club; Domestic Science Certificate; Dramatic Club, '23; Methodist Treasurer; Senior Play; Entered, '18; T. K. S.

You hear some one mumbling in what you think is Greek, and turn around to find "Plum" trying to do her Geometry. That's her only failing, in everything else she's "true blue"—but a good friend, pal, and companion; humorous, witty, but serious at times. Everyone admires her for her loyalty and her honor, which is unquestionable.

"O, the world is wide and the world is grand,
And there's little or nothing new;
But its sweetest thing is the grip of the hand
Of a friend that's tried and true."

Curtis Webb

Hendersonville, N. C.

Curtis is the vamp of the Senior Class—dashing, brilliant. We think of her as with a long line of ardent pursuers. She can dance as no one else! Yet there is another side to Curtis, a most attractive one, which we see when she is alone—with just us.

"Flirt and the world flirts with you."

Mary Margaret Bland

Mayesville, S. C.

Riding Club; Tennis Club; Entered, '22; W. A. W.

Mayesville's loss has been our gain. Margaret is always "busy," whether playing the "uke" or writing to Wofford, but she never fails to do all that is asked of her. Her ever-ready smile has won for her a host of friends and we know she will make a success in all she undertakes.

"Begone, old care! For thee and I shall never agree."

Mary Elizabeth Brown

Asheville, N. C.

Volley Ball Team, '23; W. N. C. Club, '22; Glee Club, '23; Dramatic Club, '22; President, '23; Tennis Club, '22; Assistant Business Manager Sapphire, '23; Cotillion Club, '22, '23; Commencement Play, '22; Senior Play, '23; Wearer of the "F,"; Entered, '21; W. A. W., '22; President, '23.

"Boots" is one of our most attractive Fassifern types. She can sing, dance, and has won many honors in athletics and dramatics. Speaking of dramatics, she is our star, and has always played the hero. But with all these talents, "Boots" is not spoilt. She is loved and admired by nearly every girl in school, and to judge by her list of admirers, we feel certain she is just as fascinating elsewhere.

"Truly a princess winsome."

Margaret Doubleday

Tryon, N. C.

Cotillion Club; Assistant Editor Sapphire; Senior Tennis Team; Secretary-Treasurer Service League, Second Quarter; Class Prophet; Entered, '22; T. K. S.

"Miggie" looks a gracious madonna, low-voiced, with shining eyes and cameo face. She is a real girl, admired and greatly loved because of her understanding, her kindliness, her loveliness, her unusual charm, and her extraordinary depth.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, divinely fair."

Chivelette Izlar

Hendersonville, N. C.

Chivelette is as fascinating, as sweet as she is pretty, which is saying a good deal. Although she joined our ranks rather late and we have only seen her during school periods, we have learned to love her and wish she might have been with us more. Indeed, Chivelette has been the belle of the class, and we can never forget her.

"Stand back and gaze, for she is coming."

Christine James

Durham, N. C.

Tennis Club, '22; Cotillion Club, '22; Junior Basketball Team, '22; Senior Team, '23; Basketball Varsity, '23; Glee Club, Music Club, '22; Jump-Off, '22; Entered, '21; W. A. W.

Chris is a good sport at all times, a good looker, a graceful dancer. She is sweet and lovable, and the Senior Class fashion model.

"She is as true as her eyes are blue."

Edith Jonas

Lenoir, N. C.

Tennis Club, '22; Western North Carolina Club, '22; Riding Club, '22; Cotillion Club, '22, '23; Captain Senior Volley Ball, '23; Glee Club, '23; Senior Play; Senior Ball Team; Entered, '21.

"Edie" is our star volley ball player, and captain of our team. She is generous, unselfish, kindly, a good sport, and lovable. She takes with her all our very best wishes for future happiness.

"Out of many, one."

Virginia Cooper Livingston

Hendersonville, N. C.

A rare combination of unusual brilliancy and great personal charm, Virginia has won the love and admiration of all who know her. Loyalty, kindness, and truth are just a very few of her many enviable qualities.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Rae Brooks Steele

Baltimore, Md.

Tennis 'F"; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Senior Play; Senior Chee.: Leader; "Cutest"; "Wittiest"; President Young People's Service League, Second Quarter; Episcopal Treasurer; Senior Baseball Team; Entered, '22; T. K. S.

Rae is joy and happiness and buoyancy; as pink and white as first arbutus, and as refreshingly sweet; as fascinating as a flashing cardinal and as elusive. She is original, attractive, sincere, lovable, and widely beloved, talented, musical, athletic. And underneath her outer visible charm there is an even finer Ray, locked away from prying eyes by an impenetrable barrier of reserve.

"To love her is a liberal education."

Rosalind Williamson

Gainesville, Fla.

Junior Basketball Team; Baseball Team, '22, '23; Tennis Club, '22; Music Club; Florida Club; Cotillion Club, '23; Dramatic Club, '23; Senior Basketball Team; Sub-Varsity, '23; Senior Play; Entered, '21.

Always merry, always gay, with a mirthful laugh and a flying tongue she keeps everyone about her laughing. She is athletic, always ready for a game of basketball. There are so many things to tell of Rosalind that one can't begin to tell all, but we mustn't leave out how generous and unselfish she is.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Elizabeth Marshall Woodward

Baltimore, Md.

Vice-President Junior Class, Second Quarter; Captain Junior Basketball Team; Captain Varsity; Glee Club, '23; Cotillion Club, '23; Social Editor Sapphire, '23; President Service League; "Most Attractive"; 'Most Popular"; "Most Athletic"; "Best Leader in Dancing," '23; Entered, '22; Vice-Dean T. K. S.

"Woodie" is not only the "Most Popular," the "Most Attractive" girl in school, but the most utterly lovable girl in all the world. She is fine, loyal, true, but you must know her for yourself to realize just how bewitchingly charming she is.

"She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize."

Leonora Hooper

Birmingham, Ala.

Art Staff, '23; Entered February, '23.

A true daughter of the Old South—gracious, sincere, honorable—Leonora, during her very short stay with the Class of '23, has won for herself loyal friends and staunch admirers.

"Art is long, and life is short."

Senior Class History

UESS when it began! I mean, our class history. It was 'way back in 1919. We've had a long history, because our dear class began as a sub-freshman, and you know most classes don't begin until the freshman year. It never would have happened—this remarkable thing of beginning as sub-freshmen—if Elizabeth Plumly, Sadie Jenkins, and Westray Kirk hadn't come that year—the class was too young to win many triumphs! But they won lots of triumphs over Miss Kate. She thought they were "all right", and often took them "out" with her.

Then came our freshman year. Didn't we feel old when we became freshmen! Everything seemed changed. We were no longer so tiny that we had to sit at Miss Sampson's table at meals, but instead we sat at the tables with the "big girls". Commencement soon came, and we now considered ourselves sophomores.

The next year we were sophomores in earnest. We had as our adviser Miss Graham, and with her to give us advice, it wasn't so very hard to walk the straight and narrow way! While she was our guide we won the basketball cup. Wasn't that a great honor? The first lower class to do that in years! Truly, then we began to feel our importance. New girls came in, too. And we had to be good and show them how to do likewise. It didn't take much "showing", for they all did their best—even if their dreams of midnight feasts and parties had been shattered. Georgie Armstrong and Adrienne Hanby came that year.

More and more important we felt in our junior year as different ones of us were called upon to become members of the General Council and take up our different responsibilities. Our junior-senior banquet was given in the spring, and it went through a great success. We didn't take all the credit to ourselves, though. Miss Weiss was our adviser, so it couldn't help being a success. We didn't win as many honors as juniors, but more than any honors do we prize some of our dearest classmates, who came in that year: Elisabeth Councill, Rosalind Williamson, Matalee Lake, Posy Flanagan, Boots Brown, Flora MacDonald, Caroline Parker, Edith Jonas, Katharine Johnson, and Chris James.

But the "biggest" year and the "grandest" times came to us as seniors. To begin with, Rae Steele, Margaret Bland, Margaret Doubleday, Elizabeth Woodward, and Curtis Webb, Chevilette Izlar, and Virginia Livingston, as day pupils, were gladly welcomed. Wasn't that enough to make us happy? Then began our studies in real earnest, but in between times we seemed to find more time for parties than ever before—at any rate, we went to more! Miss Ricaud and Miss Blair gave us a dear little tea before Christmas; we all enjoyed it so much. After that Matalee Lake, our senior president, gave a wonderful banquet over in Asheville at the manor. Of course everyone had a grand time. The last event before Christmas was our feast—to ourselves and to our teachers!

When we came back after Christmas we were pretty gloomy over the prospect of five months of hard work before us, but we soon put our worries aside and began planning on a senior play. Our plans became realities, and in February our play, "Love and Tea", was given. Its result was a present of a hundred dollars to the Annual fund from the Senior Class.

The finest thing of all has been saved till last—the junior-senior banquet. We had the honor of being the first seniors ever to go to a banquet at a hotel in Hendersonville. It was at Park Hill. Now it is graduating time and, friends, we are going to leave you, though we hate to, and we hope that you will always keep in your memories a spot half as bright for us as the spot we are keeping for you.

BARNES, '23.

Senior Class Prophecy

IT is a beautiful spring afternoon in 1933. Miss Kate is seated in her office at Fassifern. She is just the same Miss Kate, kindly, wise, humorous, but now she holds the love of hundreds more women, who have been students at Fassifern.

Just at present she is immensely interested in her radiophone. By means of this instrument she is hearing an edifying speech by Governor Katharine Johnson of Texas. Next, she tunes in Raleigh, and hears a forceful argument by the most prominent lawyer of the South, Miss Caroline Parker, who is winning a notorious murder case.

At length Miss Kate turns from her radiophone to open various parcels which she has received. The first proves to be a book entitled, "Memories of a Crush Queen", by Elizabeth Woodward.

Her next is a collection of popular plays. One, "My Love for a Baltimore Belle", is by an old Fassifern student, W. Kirk. This play also brings out the Belle's Love of Prices, and the high cost of living generally, which shows she does not favor the Reds.

The following play is about a notorious vampire named Flora, and in one scene she is seated by a lovely Lake, held in capable Armstrong as Steele. The heroine, who is from fascinating Virginia, seems enmeshed in a Webb of doubt, for she comes only a "single night", and then goes to a Bland and worldly-wise friend for some much needed Councill, for the charming James, with the handsome Brown eyes, has given her a gay Posie from Spain.

Miss Kate's next gift is a magazine edited by the Williamsonian Institute, under the capable management of Miss Lake. It contains an editorial on "Why Flappers Flap No More", by Misses Barnes and Izlar. It also includes a "Bureau of Ready-Made Excuses" (warranted to wear well and fit all occasions), conducted by the Misses Jenkins and Plumly. A few pages further, designs of gorgeous creations meet her eyes—charming gowns, undoubtedly Jonaresque.

Upon turning over this page she sees an article on "The Beauty of Women" (who paint), by Madame Hooper. Last, but not least, Miss Kate discovers an account of the marriage of Miss Adrienne Hanby to the French ambassador. It goes on to say that Miss Hanby first attracted M. Muet Lapin by her perfect Parisian accent.

After interestedly looking over a modern book of etiquette edited by Armstrong and Company, Miss Kate leaves the office, and thus ends a happy birthday.

DOUBLEDAY, '23.

KNOWL EDGE
JUNIOR

Junior Class

OFFICERS

First Quarter

JUDITH SHELTON . . . . . *President*
BLANCHE SPENCER . . . . *Vice-President*
MARY DUNSTAN . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Quarter

JUDITH SHELTON . . . . . *President*
ELIZABETH WOODWARD . . . *Vice-President*
MARY DUNSTAN . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Third Quarter

JUDITH SHELTON . . . . . *President*
K. MARION . . . . . *Vice-President*
MARION TABER . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Fourth Quarter

JUDITH SHELTON . . . . . *President*
KATHERINE MARION . . . . *Vice-President*
MARION TABER . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Memoirs of the Juniors

Three years ago, on September 8, nine green freshmen, almost cherubic in their innocence, and pitiful in their ignorance, entered the massive doors of Fassifern. Oh, how small and unsophisticated we did feel! For we were not only beginning our journey on the old Hi-way—we had left home, family, and friends, and were at boarding school! The first few weeks were spent in alternating fits of dreadful homesickness and proud satisfaction for our newly acquired dignity. For weren't we mentioned in the columns of our local paper among the young folks away at school? And when before had we ever gotten more than one letter at a time?

As the session progressed we grew into our new environment, and when we parted from our schoolmates in June, it was with tears and many promises for the next year.

When fall again found us at the tender mercies of Miss Kate and the faculty, we felt no fear, for we were a combination of two very superior beings—sophomores and old girls. We greeted the newcomers cordially, and began at once to initiate them into the many and various rules of Fassifern. Perhaps the juniors and seniors were correct when they intimated, with raised eyebrows, that we overestimated our own importance in the scheme of things, but under the able leadership of Judy and Blanche, we soon became an indispensable part of the student body.

This year we returned to find ourselves juniors, and only a single step from our goal. No longer were we underclassmen to be looked down upon and scoffed at, but a real class, with a real purpose, place, and plenty of pep.

So here's to the Class of Twenty-four! Just watch us make Fassifern proud of us!

LAXTON, '24.

Junior Class

Members

Burnett
Cave
Davis
Dunstan
Howell
Kuhn
Laxton
Lineberger, M.
Marion
McIver
Montgomery
Shelton
Seaver
Stamey
Turner
Taber, M.
Tate, M.
Wallace
Wilson, L.

Jean

Characters.

JEAN: A poor mountain girl.
DAVE: In love with Jean.

ACT ONE.

Time: 1921, a summer evening.
Place: An old log cabin on a mountain top.

DAVE (seated in doorway with Jean): "Honey, you love it up here more'n you think you do. You could never live down yonder in the city. Oh, I know it's lonely for you here, but you'd die of loneliness down there! You don't know yet how much these forests, these flowers, and birds mean to you. (Takes her hand.) Oh, honey girl, marry me now! I could make you happy, Jean!"

JEAN (eyes misty): "You're awful sweet to me, Dave (passionately), but oh, I cain't, I cain't stay here! If thar was anyone to stay with ma I'd uv gone 'fore this. When Aunt Jinny gits here, I am going. Davey, you went—you had ought'a know how I feel about it."

DAVE: "Yes, I went. I went because I love you. Went so that I could get a little education, so that I could learn how to run my farm, and come back here and make a home for you."

JEAN: "Dave, don't love me like that. I ain't worth it. Why, Dave, I don't know nothing 'cept what little bit I larn't down to the mission school. Don't you see, I've jest gotta go to school some more? You wouldn't never be happy with jest me."

DAVE (humbly): "I love you as you are, Jean."

JEAN: "I'll miss you awful, Dave, and it'll break my heart to leave ma, but I cain't help it. Dave, don't you let nothin' happen to ma while I'm gone. She's all I got, you know."

(Curtain.)

ACT TWO.

Time: A year later.
Place: A lonely, new-made grave, under a sentinel pine.

JEAN (kneeling before grave, alone, sobbing): "Gone! Gone! Oh, little mother, come back to me! I can't live without you! I don't want to live without you! Oh, dear God, take me, too! Mother, wonderful little mother, I was just trying to

make something of myself for your sake—and now, you're—gone! I couldn't even get here—to say—good-bye! I was too late—too late! (She sobs more and then falls asleep.)

Voice (clear and beautiful): "Jean, my baby, I have not gone! I am here with you always, loving you, guarding you. You must be happy for my sake, and remember that we will meet again, beyond the stars."

Enter Dave (with infinite tenderness lifts Jean into his arms): "Poor, tired little girl! You're home—at last!"

(Curtain.)

Doubleday, '23.

Clouds

Shimmering veils, restless, drifting—
Drifting over emerald seas;
Flecked with saffron, stained with crimson,
Heaped round whispering, tall pine trees.

Flowing, filmy laces lit with
Flaming gold from hidden fires,
Etched in purple, black-traced walls,
Stretching upward lofty spires.

Motionless, white, silent-drifting
At the whim of every wind,
Silver, flushing faint, fair azure—
Lapis lazuli, light-lined.

Glorious, serene, white, shining,
Winging 'cross the vault of blue,
Fading in the purple mountains,
As the stars come—and the dew.

Johnson, '23.

Spring's Romance

IT was in the days long ago, when the world was young, and the seasons had been living only a short time. Spring was then the ugly season of the year. Autumn had red leaves and goldenrod and gentians. Winter had snows and Jack Frost's handiwork. Summer had butterflies and bees and flowers and green grass, but Spring had nothing.

She complained to Mother Nature, who immediately fell in love with the dainty little sprite. But what was there to give Spring? Mother Nature thought and thought, and finally she found the very thing. She would make Spring the season when the birds mated; when the flashing red cardinal wooed his lady love with bursts of rippling song, and the robins and bluebirds and all the feathered families built their nests. Then she would give it the budding season, when the sleepy world would wake up and flowers begin to bloom.

Spring was so happy over this that she danced with joy. She tripped gaily through the woods, beside the rippling stream, where ferns and violets grew in the velvet moss, and up the hill where the pink arbutus was creeping. The birds were singing their most joyous tunes, trees were budding, flowers were blooming, and little Spring found herself falling in love with Beauty. Beauty was equally in love with Spring, and that was how, one fine May day, all the beautiful things on earth assembled to celebrate Spring's wedding.

The dainty spirea was her bridal dress, and she wore a wreath of bluets and maiden hair ferns. The daffodils and hyacinths were her bridesmaids, and they carried fragrant heaps of violets. All the lovely spring flowers were there. The birds caroled from the branches overhead; the sun beamed down, and the little breezes blew and made the daffodils bend and sway. The little brook rippled through the woods, whispering to all the world that Spring and Beauty were joined, never to be separated. So that is how spring came to be the season when everyone loves, for love is beauty, and all the world is happy.

M. PARKER, '25.

They Pick On Us, They Do

They fuss at us about our skirt,
They fuss at us 'n' say we're pert,
They fuss at us 'cause we haven't a care,
They fuss at us 'cause we bob our hair—
They pick on us, they do!

They fuss at us 'bout the way we dance,
They fuss at us 'cause we'll take a chance,
They fuss at us 'n' say we're rough,
They fuss at us and think we're tough—
They pick on us, they do!

They fuss at us 'bout the way we walk,
They fuss at us 'bout the way we talk,
They fuss at us 'bout everything we do—
I wonder what we'll say in 1952?
We'll pick on others—that's what we'll do!

SHELTON, '24.

SOPHOMORE
SENIOR
JUNIOR
JOPH-O-MORE
FRESH MAN
C. PARKER

Miss Evelyn Graham, *Sponsor*

Sophomore Class

Motto: Nihil nisi optimus

Colors: Rose and Gold *Flower:* Wild Rose

Hazel Ewbank, *Mascot*

Officers

	President	*Vice-President*	*Sec.-Treas.*
First Quarter	F. Scales	M. C. Tate	K. Parsons
Second Quarter	F. Scales	B. Metz	M. Magill
Third Quarter	F. Scales	B. Metz	A. Moore
Fourth Quarter	F. Scales	A. Moore	B. Metz

Sophomore Statistics

Name	*Nickname*	*Ambition*
G. Allston	"Gene"	To see blue in a brown jug
C. Bell	"Ding-Dong"	To finish school
D. Carland	"Donke-baby"	To keep awake in study hall
R. Carter	"Snigglefritz"	To be Mrs. H.
E. Coxe	"Coxey"	To sleep late
H. Dermid		To drop History
L. Emerson	"Chink"	To look like Nita Naldi
N. Few	"Nell"	To understand Latin
M. Fletcher	"Tom"	To lead her class
C. Gibson	"Gibbie"	To see the Sphinx
I. Hurlburt		To get a star
L. Lattimore	"Lattie"	To speak French
F. Lineberger	"Frank"	To pass in Math.
R. Lambeth	"Ignez"	(Not to be made public)
S. MacEachern	"Sally"	To pass in Latin
M. Magill	"Puffy-Ruffles"	To be a forester
B. Metz	"Bobbie"	To be a rich widow

Sophomore Statistics

Name	*Nickname*	*Ambition*
A. Moore	"Little-Anne"	Yet to be found
K. Parsons	"Kat"	To visit King Tut
M. Parker	"Mot"	To go abroad
L. Pinkney	"Lee"	To be a great singer
F. Scales	"Pan"	To travel
M. Southerland	"Tootsie"	To have a ranch and cowboy
K. Slocomb	"Slocy"	To go on the stage
I. Wilson	"Izzie"	To be loved by everybody
E. Walke	"Eve"	To be a poet
E. Williams	"Lib"	To see Anne Hathaway's Cottage
L. Wilkinson	"Grandma"	To be accomplished
M. C. Tate	"Tatey"	To be a musician
H. Sheen	"Blondel"	To be an actress
E. Sargent	"Emie"	To be a great violinist

Description of the Dawn

One morning I awakened
Before the sun was up,
And found the sun a'shining
On each gold butter-cup.
The birds were singing sweetly,
And calling to their mates,
And nature seemed so wide awake
I thought the sun was late.

A little wren was calling,
A sparrow then replied;
A gentle breeze was blowing
O'er the purple mountain side;
The cedar trees were swaying,
The pines looked toward the sky,
And smiled upon the blueness
That seemed to be so nigh.

And while I stood a'gazing
A sudden silence fell,
And not a sound could I detect,
Save the tinkle of a bell.
The birds flew helter-skelter,
Then all was calm and still;
The world had hidden in itself
As though it feared some ill.

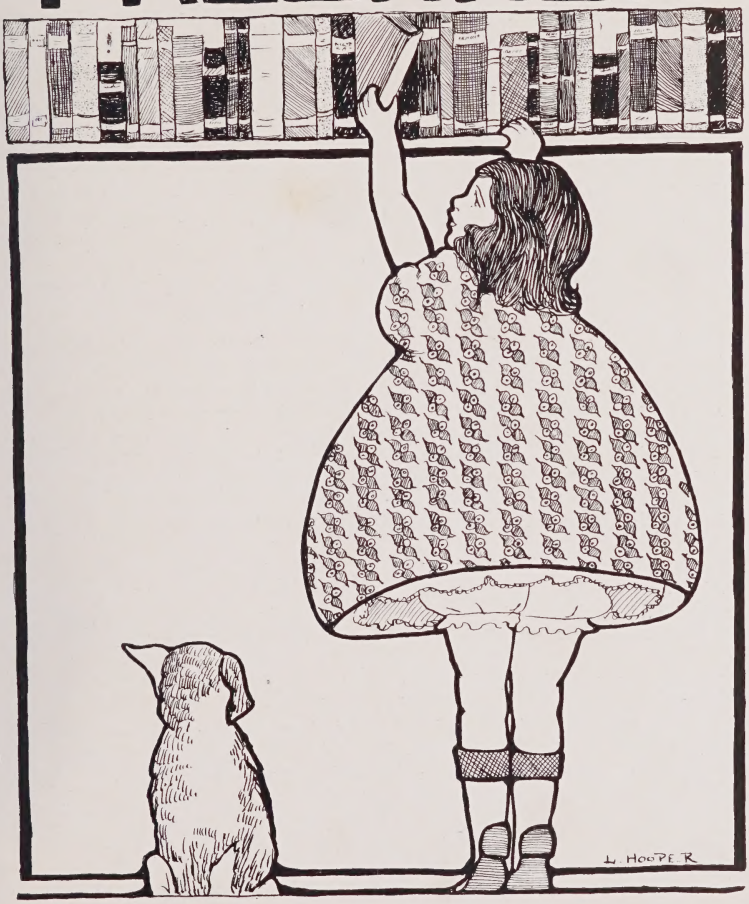
And then I knew the reason of
This queer and sudden change.
Behind the mountain, from all sides,
Light streams began to range.
And then a huge and reddish ball
Peered o'er the mountain side,
And oh, so soft and silently
Up the heights did glide.

The soft dark purple turned to pink,
And blue and red and gold,
And then the flowers raised their heads,
And birds sang, brave and bold;
The leaves began a rustling noise,
The branches swayed on high;
I looked and looked with fervent gaze
Upon that calm and peaceful sky.

And all that sky turned once again
Into one shade—the sun
Thrown into rainbows, back to gold,
Through skies, his course did run.
This was the dawn! Oh, radiant day,
How wondrous fair art thou!
Before the charms of all thy spell
A humble soul I bow.

Walke, '25.

FRESHMEN



A Freshman Classic

(By the Peroxide Cat.)

If I should *try* to tell you
  Every single thing I know
About the sweet young freshmen
  Your would not *dream* it so.

So just about a few of them
  I'll undertake to say—
Enough to prove, undoubtedly,
  They're worse and worse each day.

For there is young Louisa—
  True—not "as"—*to* Steele;
Perhaps her dreams of fiddling
  May some far day be real.

Helen's so inquisitive—
  She just must find out things—
Where all the freshmen's pins are pinned,
  And where they park their rings.

Martha's name on Miss Kates' book
  Is a difficult one to find.
O yes—it's next to Woodward's!
  Now you've brought it to my mind.

Mary, Marie, and Harriet aren't
  So different from the rush—
There's *nothing* they despise more
  Than having a stupid crush.

The two Elizabeths, we've heard,
  Are musically inclined,
While ambitious Carter Freeze
  Is developing her mind.

Martha and Jane, two such bright girls,
  Come only by the day.
If we only knew them better
  We'd have something worse to say.

Frances is interested in athletes,
  Most stylish people and styles;
Mable's not interested in anyone—
  Just watches the others and smiles.

Jessamine is unusual—
  Poetry sets her wild;
Elliot's a hardened young flapper—
  Shuey's a sweet little child.

About elusive Fifi—
  My burdened brain won't rhyme—
But the millennium'll be right here
  When she gets to class on time.

—*Necessarily Anonymous.*

Freshman Statistics

F is for Finest—E. Berry.
R is for Most Reliable—J. Willcox.
E is for Most Earnest—M. Tate.
S is for Sweetest—L. Taber.
H is for Most Helpful—E. Berry.
M is for Most Musical—L. Taber.
A is for Most Athletic—F. Reynolds.
N is for Neatest—M. Quinlan.

FRESHMEN

E. BERRY
BIZZELL
QUINLAN
WILLCOX

SUB-FRESHMAN

ELLIOT
KEHAYA
SHUEY

PARTIAL FRESHMEN

REYNOLDS
TABER, L.
TATE, M.
FREEZE
SPEED
HUDGINS
MORROW
HOBBS, H.
READING
SARGENT

Laughter

AUGHTER is a form of expression of joy, happiness, health, and a good disposition. Each of us wants all of these, therefore we must see and use laughter as our guide. We all hate a grouch, a man who lets a frown dwell upon his forehead; a man who never enjoys or sees a joke; but the people who greet us with a smile, whether they be handsome or ugly, fat or thin, we love and appreciate.

If there were no smiles, nothing but stern folks and sober looks, we American people would require about a hundred times as many insane asylums! Laughter has been the very heart of the human race for all time. Even the old people—the old poets—used laughter as the music of nature.

Laughter really is one huge family. The head of this family is the loud strong "Hee-Haw!" His beautiful daughter, "Girlish Ripple," is loved and admired by all. You find her name in magazines and newspapers but oftener in novels. The dearest members of the whole family are the baby twins, "Coo" and "Chuckle."

The country cousin, "Giggles," always appears upon the scene at the wrong time and causes a lot of trouble, especially when sent to school or church. Then sometimes she is very disagreeable and awkward, for she is of a restless nature. Nevertheless Giggles is always welcomed by the Laughter family.

Smiles is the feeble great aunt, who once dwelt with her loved nieces, Youth and Beauty. Aunt Smiles is always around to cheer the down-trodden souls, Giggles and her brother, Grin. Grin is hated by most of the girls at school, because they know not whether their charms appeal to him, for he is always the same Grin. It is certain no one could call him two-faced.

Even if Grin isn't liked very much and Giggles is sometimes unpleasant, the Laughter family holds all mankind in the palm of its hand.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

HOOPER, '23.

The Gentle Art of Bluffing

How can I discourse upon the gentle art of bluffing when I am only an innocent little school girl? Ah! but that is the point—a very tender point. Is anyone, no matter how young, innocent of bluffing? It is a well known fact that babies bluff, so if we do it unconsciously in our infancy, we are hardly to be blamed for doing it later in life, whether the act be premeditated or not.

It is this same inborn inclination to bluff, arising from the instinct to defend, that makes me raise my hand when teacher asks a general question though I am entirely ignorant of the answer to said question. How encouraging, frequently, that little ruse works, and how often have I proved that it is the most clever and subtle manner in which to avoid a question.

When I am particularly desirous, however, of displaying my knowledge and brilliancy before my less gifted mates I assume a despondent attitude and gaze unhappily at the flood. Such magic! In a twinkling I am called upon to answer the most difficult question, whereupon I become very blase, bored, and unconsciously, unconcernedly give my answer with such ease and dexterity that the hearts of my friends are consumed with envy.

Did I call bluffing an art? It most assuredly is that—a high one—for though it is a natural gift, it is also an acquired one, limitless in its possibilities of er-er-er deceit. Yet, everyone at one time or another is guilty of digressing from the straight and narrow way into the pleasant by-path meadows of bluffing.

DOUBLEDAY, '23.

Bluffing

To me it is not an accomplishment and should not go under the word "Art," but I guess the bluffer, like a clever thief, if successful, is an artist. No, bluffing to the extent of art is not one that I desire.

WOODWARD, '23.

Bluffing, to me, is not an art, merely a bad trait that leads to worse deeds. Although I believe it is instinctively in one and rarely ever can be cultivated, I still uphold that it is not an art.

STEELE, '23.

Bluffing is indeed an art, and apparently one to be mastered by experience.

COUNCILL, '23.

Bluffing is an art, one which many attempt but few attain.

PARKER, '23.

I believe that bluffing and cheating have close relation to each other.

JENKINS, '23.

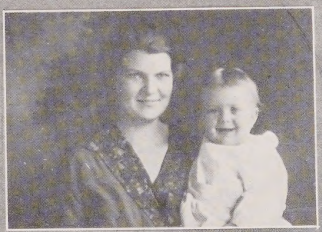
"A GROUP OF FASSIFERN GRAND-CHILDREN"
1922-1923

SARAH WILLIAMS (Mrs. Ryan) and daughter BETTY. "Our Baby" in 1917 - the year Fassifern opened.

MRS. HAROLD ASHLEY AND SON HOLT. Mrs Ashley was Annie Oates - First Graduate of Fassifern - 1913

CAROLINE HOUGH (Mrs. Howard Mann) One of the best loved students of Fassifern. Little Emily has already been entered for 1935

JESSIE JENKINS (Mrs. Hollis Owens) with son, Hollis, Jr. Our first honor graduate 1916



MRS. GEORGE SHUFORD and SON ROBERT LEE. Mrs. Shuford was Sallie Lou Packard who came with a doll (1910) and left with a diploma (1917)

Fassifern Music Department

RECITALS

Fassifern, November 4, 1922

Piano Recital by Miss Martha B. Wright

assisted by

Mr. Maurice Karp, *Violinist*

Miss Mary Brooks, *Accompanist*

* * *

Fassifern, November 22, 1922

University of North Carolina Music Clubs

* * *

Fassifern, December 8, 1922

Irene Jonani

Prima Donna Soprano, Chicago and Boston Opera Companies

assisted by

Mary Winslow, *Pianist*

* * *

Fassifern, December 14, 1922

Cantata, "Christmas Morn"

Glee Club

* * *

Fassifern, May 1, 1923

Joint Recital

Mildred Dilling, *Harpist*

Edgar Schofield, *Baritone*

Martha B. Wright, *Accompanist*

* * *

Fassifern, May 25, 1923

Children's Recital

* * *

Fassifern, May 28, 1923

Annual Concert

Music Department

THE Music Department in Fassifern has grown rapidly under its able director, Miss Martha Dowd, and capable assistant, Miss Martha B. Wright. So rapidly, indeed, has it grown that this year a new department has been organized, and it is the pride of the school to say that we have both a violin department and an orchestra now.

This year our recital program has been especially good and, aside from the concert recitals, there have been many student recitals, which have been most creditable and helpful.

Music Roll

Alley
Armstrong
Barnes
Baxter
Bell
Berry
Bizzell
Bland
Carland
Carter
Councill
Coxe
Doubleday
Ewbank, H.
Ewbank, M.
Ewbank, V.
Freeze
Goodrich
Hobbs
Howell
Hudgins
Izlar
Johnson
Kehaya
Lambeth
Lattimore
Laxton
Lineberger, M.
Lineberger, F.
Macgill
Metz
Moore
Montgomery
McEachern
McDonald
McIver
Parker, M.
Parsons
Pinckney
Powell
Reading
Reynolds
Richard
Rozzelle
Sargent, E.
Sargent, M.
Sellers
Sheen
Shelton
Slocomb
Stamey
Taber, L.
Taber, M.
Tate, Mabel
Tate, M. C.
Tate, Marjorie
Turner
Walke
Wallace
Webb
Wilkinson
Wilson, E.
Wilson, I.
Wilson, L.

Art Department

THERE must be something fascinating about the studio. If there were not, would we all stay there every possible free division, in preference to any other place?

Of course, part of this fascination is in our work; how we do love it! The quick water color sketch of some lovely model; the making of some dainty bit of craftwork; the harder, but no less interesting, work on posters; and, above all, the Annual work—the Annual work, that we take to bed and sleep with, so fearful are we lest one spot mar its surface. Certainly these are dear to us. Yet in all this, the fascination lies as much in the character of our teacher, Miss Weiss, as in the work itself.

Truly, in the studio we learn that each failure is only an assurance of later victory, that each attempt is only a step on the ladder the summit of which is perfection. Seldom—no, never—do we attain that summit, but the climb indeed fascinates, especially with the standard always upheld by one who is so many, many rounds farther up the ladder than we.

We in the Art Department know that it is going to hurt to leave Fassifern, not only for its dear associations, but also because we are leaving our studio and our leader.

C. PARKER, '23.

ART ROLL

G. ALLSTON
L. BURNETT
E. COXE
C. FREEZE
L. HOOPER
M. MACGILL
C. PARKER
K. PARSONS
M. ERCKMAN
M. SELLERS
R. TURNER
C. WALLACE
E. WILLIAMS

Brown

When asked the color of a little brown jug
  You're apt to say, "It's brown";
But take it to pieces and look real hard,
  And now see what you've found.

There's white where the "high light" strikes it,
  And red, and yellow, and blue;
There's orange, and green, and violet,
  And shadows of purply hue.

So don't you ever *dare* to say
  That a little brown jug is *brown.*
You'll find that this is so some day
  (Besides—you'll make *her* frown!).

ALLSTON, '25.

Domestic Art Department

OUR Domestic Art Department is a joy to all its members. Under Miss Sampson, our most efficient director, we make not only exhibition garments, but also dainty garments. Under her we learn the intricacies of hemstitching, embroidering, tucking, and button-holing. She is, indeed, a splendid teacher, and we look forward to our Domestic Art days with real pleasure. But this is not all. In the spring Miss "Sampie" gave us a most delightful hay ride and picnic at Crystal Springs. The brightest day of the whole course is the one on which, after holding an exhibition, we receive our certificates, although it is with regret that we end such a happy year.

ROLL

JONAS	SHUEY	MONTGOMERY	MOORE
BURNETT	HOBBS	WILLCOX	KEHAYA
WOODWARD	LATTIMORE	FLANAGAN	HANBY

Dramatic Art Department

The things indissolubly mingled with Art
Are acting, ambition, work, and—Miss Hart,
A sweet, silv'ry voice—and a lot of real sense—
For who's going to listen to somebody dense?
So when you've these things—perchance some more—
You're just about ready for dramatic lore.
First you learn to count, ah, me! loud, and louder still;
Then you ooh! and ah! a bit in a heavy little trill;
Then you shriek, blood-curdling sound, that blasts the ear
And starts the whole school running to you, little dear;
So then you go, complacent, on your way;
And so it ends—your long, first, perfect day.
But when for months and months earnestly you've worked
And neither exercise nor piece ever have you shirked,
Then you're fit to say your piece to the assembled school,
And on the fatal day to prove if you're a sage or fool.
Still, we don't mind the dangers—or the risks we run—
'Cause our Dramatic Art's a mighty lot o' fun.

ROLL

BAXTER		IZLAR
BROWN		MONTGOMERY
FLETCHER		LAKE
	L. WILSON	
	WALLACE	
	WILKINSON	

Contrasts

A swift-moving stream hurries
Down to the sea,
Shimmering, dancing,
Joyously;
Flashing through meadows
With bright-painted flowers;
Swaying past churches
With high-steepled towers;
Smiling on roses that
Bank a stone wall;
Sparkling past hollyhocks,
Bright, slender, tall;
Rippling through golden fields
Thin, blue-green thread;
Fleeing a blue-starred lawn
With light, airy tread;
Laughing and loitering
In still, cloistered glades;
Mirroring gentians
In foam-silver shades;
Blithely turning, at last,
To the sea;

Drifting, foaming,
Contentedly.
A slow-moving stream slides
Down to the sea,
Crawling and creeping
Sluggishly;
Slipping through meadows
Of sere, withered flowers;
Dragging past churches
With smoke-blackened towers;
Turning from dead leaves
Upon a cold wall;
Shivering from ghostly stalks,
Dry, faded, tall;
Shrinking away from
A drear, sodden town;
Glowering at fallen leaves
On frost-hardened ground;
Desperately turning, with fear,
To the sea;
Breaking away, at last,
Mad, loosened, free.

JOHNSON, '23.

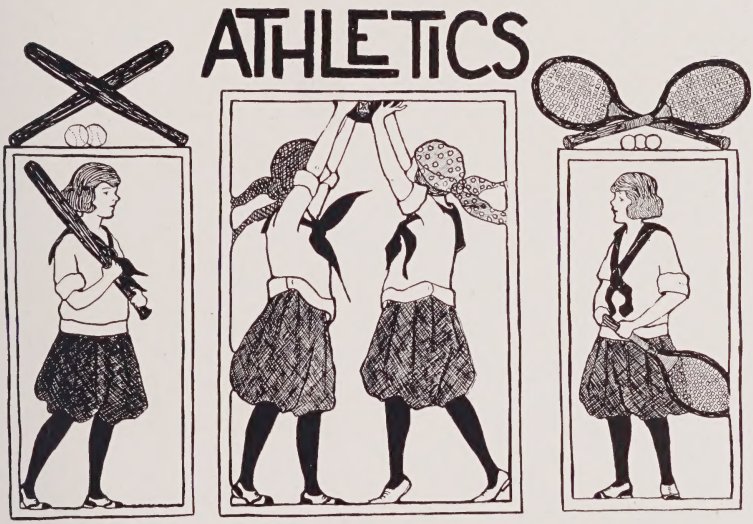
Happiness

A hilltop flooded in sunshine, laughing, mellow, golden. Bits of green peeping through, impertinent; tiny briers springing out stiff, scolding; birds singing, exchanging melody, throwing music to an azure sky; squirrels dashing up trees to look down and chatter, intent on the necessity of their own affairs. A universe in itself, this hilltop, with a life all its own—bathed in happiness, contentment, throbbing with movement.

Melancholy

A hilltop against a leaden sky, gray, bleak, dead; a biting wind, whistling through the young leaves, shivering, fading; a sound, low, hopeless, helpless; a bird at twilight, lost, afraid; an answer, as low, as helpless as the other, and then a chorus, the twitter of an orchestra—the strings of its instruments broken—sounding discordantly. A dim fog stealing up, wrapping nature, lulling it to sleep.

BROWN, '23.


ATHLETICS

Athletics

WEBSTER says, "Athletics—the games and sports of athletes", but at Fassifern we consider athletics the games and sports of sports—and athletes. For we cannot all be athletes—and it is a part of the character Fassifern develops for its girls to be a "sport". Play for the sport—and not for the trophy. So, with this in mind and heart, athletics plays a great part in our lives at Fassifern.

Fall Field Day

Due to impossible weather on Thanksgiving, the Fall Field Day had to be postponed. It was, of course, a great disappointment to all students. However, the "ole school spirit" rallied, and all bore the disappointment with a smile.

On December 13th we were rewarded with a beautiful day, and Field Day proceeded. Due to Miss Hart and Miss Blair, our most efficient athletic trainers, the day was most successful and—well, "peppy".

Event—Basketball; honors, juniors.

Event—Volleyball; honors, seniors.

Class tennis to be played off at intervals; finals to be played in the spring.

Athletic Banquet

Following the field events, the annual athletic banquet was held in the dining room. The team table, in the shape of a "T", proved to be the most striking part of the decorations. Miss Shipp, Miss Blair, and Miss Hart presided, and between delicious courses toasts were given by members of the faculty and of the student body. At the end of the supper the silver cups were presented, the basketball going to the juniors, the volleyball to the seniors, and the "best all-round" to Miss Georgie Armstrong, of the Senior Class. Miss Hart announced the winners of the "F's", and the lucky girls who well deserved their honor were:

Winners of the "F's"

Brown
Cave
Dunstan
Flanagan
Armstrong
Steele
Shelton
Jonas
Woodward
Marion
M. Lineberger
M. Taber
Seaver
Montgomery

Varsity Basketball Team

Elizabeth Woodward, *Captain* . . . . . *Center*
Martha Lineberger . . . . . *Forward*
Judith Shelton . . . . . *Forward*
Marion Taber . . . . . *Guard*
Ada Montgomery . . . . . *Guard*

Basketball

Senior Team

Armstrong, *Captain*
James
Kirk
Williamson
McDonald

Junior Team

Woodward, *Captain*
Dunstan
Shelton
Montgomery
M. Taber

Sophomore Team

Lambeth
Carter
Lattimore
Metz
I. Wilson

Volley Ball

Senior Team

Jonas, *Captain*
Brown
Flanagan
Plumly
Johnson

Junior Team

Marion, *Captain*
Seaver
M. Lineberger
Burnett
Stamey

Sophomore Team

Southerland
Carland
Macgill
McEachern

Freshman Team

Willcox
L. Taber
Reynolds
Morrow
Reading

Athletic Director

Spring Field Day

Field day and May Day. What a combination, what an eventful time! The student body and faculty assembled on the front veranda and there, with her beautiful court, Miss Matalee Lake was crowneed Queen of the May. The procession then marched to the athletic field and the events proceeded further, the charming queen presenting the cups at the close of the program as follows:

1. Riding—(1) Southerland, (2) Lambeth, (3) Parker, C., (4) Gibson.
2. Preliminary 50-yard dash—L. Taber, M. Taber, Dunstan.
3. Standing Broad Jump—Armstrong.
4. Volley Ball, Sophomores vs. Freshmen—Freshmen.
5. Potato Race—Howell, Scales.
6. Tennis Match (final), Coxe vs. Steele—Coxe.
7. Final 50-yard dash—M. Taber.
8. Running Broad Jump—Morrow.
9. High Jump—Morrow (for height); Kirk (for form).
10. Suitcase Race—Metz, Scales, L. Taber.
11. Tug of War, Seniors vs. Juniors—Seniors; Sophomores vs. Freshmen—Sophomores.
12. Obstacle Race—Slocomb, Kehaya, Scales.
13. Baseball Game, Juniors vs. Sophomores—Juniors.
14. May Pole Dance—Miss Belcher's pupils.
15. (Delayed a few days on account of the weather.) Procession to New Athletic Field—
    - I. Laying of Cornerstone for New Gymnasium.
    - II. Fassifern Song.
    - III. Talk by President of the Senior Class, M. Lake.
    - IV. Talk by Senior Adviser, Miss Ricaud.
    - V. Talk by Miss Shipp.
    - VI. Placing of Senior Class History, Will, etc.
    - VII. Second Fassifern Song.

Mail

UNTIL recently it has always been my sad fate to be one of those miserable creatures commonly known as a "poor correspondent". Now, however, I could undoubtedly take the world's championship in prompt letter-writing. Why this sudden leap to epistolary fame? The reason is obvious. I am in school. My passion for mail knows no bounds. Could it be that my liking for males has anything to do with this? But that is impossible, because I am a heartless woman of the world, and care naught for the opposite sex. No, I didn't mean to imply that I have lost my heart. It is still quite safe, though at times, when I receive certain fat letters, it's a little wobbly.

Letters, unfortunately, are often deceiving, and frequently we tear them up in disgust, but always in private. There is an innate conceit, first cousin to our pride, that makes us revel to an absurd degree in receiving mail before our friends, more especially before our enemies. W walk—strut, perhaps, would describe it better—carrying the precious letter conspicuously, all the time trying to look extremely blase and disinterested. Only too often, however, this sensation is genuine, for it frequently occurs that said epistle is merely from a female acquaintance who, in all probability, wrote it in the same spirit in which you wrote to her, namely: just to get an answer. That is most certainly a most detestable thing to do, but most of us are guilty of it sometime or other.

There is one letter, thought, which never fails to give us a sincere thrill and a true longing to answer it immediately, the letter from home!

DOUBLEDAY, '23.

Will That You Would

It's always too late
When a fellow's irate
  To discover the bell has just rung;
If your shoestring won't tie,
And your hair make's you cry:
  "Oh, horrors! It's only half done!"

When you run very fast,
And get there at last,
  The door closes, bang! in your face;
You think, in a flurry,
Why didn't I hurry?
  My tie is not even in place!

In class you are bad—
You wish that you had
  Studied much harder last night.
Your head is all throbs,
And your voice is all sobs—
  You know, full well, all is not right.

'Tis neglect, not the hurry,
Makes waste in the end—
  Please never forget what I tell you, dear friend.
If you've a will that you would
You'll do what you should—
  The best in your power you can—

Whether work or just play,
You'll get there some way,
  And make better the woman or man.

WILLIAMSON, '23.

THE
IDEAL GIRL
would be
as—
Attractive-Popular-Athletic
Good Leader in Dancing
as
ELIZABETH WOODWARD
Talented-Stylish
as
JUDITH SHELTON
Cute-Witty
as
RAE STEELE
Dainty
as
MARJORIE TATE
Sweet
as
MATALEE LAKE
Good Follower in Dancing
as
WESTRAY KIRK
Good-all-Round
as
GEORGIE ARMSTRONG
STUDIOUS
as
KATHERINE JOHNSON

"Stretching his hands out to catch the stars,
Man forgets the flowers at his feet."

OW often we forget in this hurry and scurry of life, the fears, the hopes and joys of the fellowmen by our side. When we are seeking fame or pursuing the fickle Lady Pleasure, how much do we think of the existence of others—their infinite longings, small acquirings and ever-renewed endeavors?

Dreaming madly of an unreal world, we forget the reality of the men about us; clinging blindly to an unattainable ideal, we overlook the simple practice of our duties; planning, restlessly, a great ambition we neglect our obvious opportunities, while all around us the happiness of companionships and human contacts, and of friendliness, the delight of service unselfishly performed, even the pleasure of grateful hearts—all the sweet, kindly, helpful little flowers that make up our lives—are forgot. The stars forever elude us, and the flowers are crushed and trampled by our spurning feet. In the end the desire for stars burns out. Their silvery glamor fades into listless, dead white, and the withered flowers are dried ashes, to be revived only by very careful and very thoughtful attention, and the tenderest, most solicitous care.

So while we may, let us be more observant of the flowers. It is really the small things in life that count. Therefore, it is the small things that have the power of making us happy. It is the opportunity of every individual to his unlimited advantage to pick "the flowers at his feet," looking at today and not just tomorrow through his rose-colored glasses.

HOOPER, DOUBLEDAY, JOHNSON, '23.

Truth Meetings

A truth meeting is a gathering of people, who prevaricate vigorously about the virtues of those on hand and who pass entirely over their vices. STEELE, '23.

A truth meeting generally ends by your throwing compliments viciously at your worst and most despised enemy. BROWN, '23.

A truth meeting is a good excuse to make a dig at the other fellow in it's-an-all-for-your-own-good sort of way. PARKER, '23.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," but it's a great deal better to read fiction than to attend a truth meeting. SHELTON, '24.

A Contrast

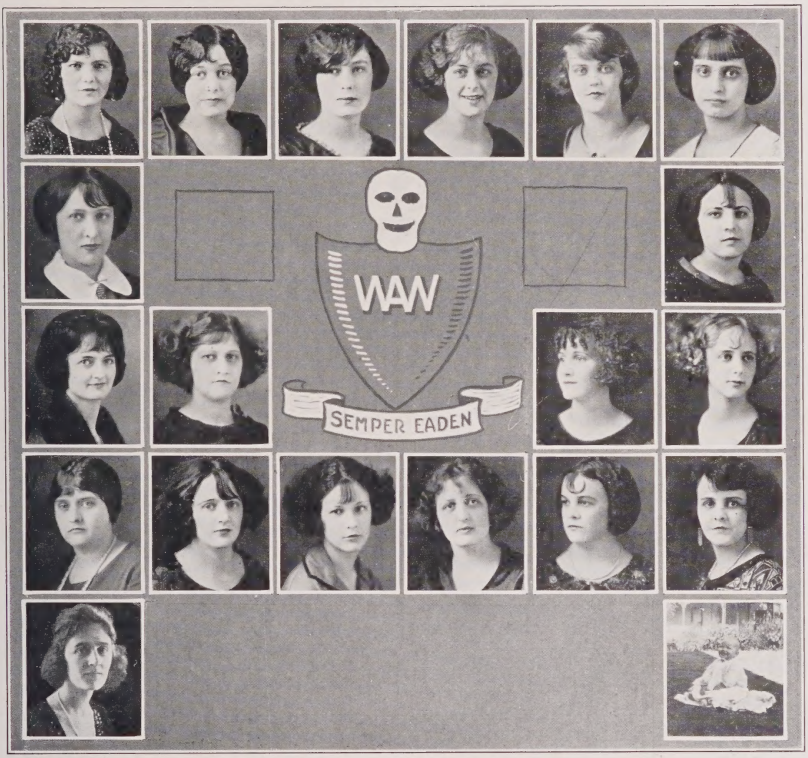
It was bright and warm on the stoop of the old brick Dutch homestead. Bees droned, and lazily settled themselves on big drooping flowers. From the big, heavy doorway came a man. He, likewise, was big and heavy, stolid, but, withal, tolerant. He seated himself comfortably on the sunny stoop, and drew from various pockets the different sections of his long Dutch pipe. He screwed these together, lazily filled the bowl, and drew long, satisfying puffs. A large dog came and put his head on the man's knee. The two drowsed off together in the warmth of the sunshine.

The snow fell lightly on the bare, cold earth. A heavy New England winter had just set in. The world held a dreary look on that gloomy coast. Far out in the distance a man could be seen, standing shivering with cold. He was the guard watching the small village to protect it from Indians. Within two hundred yards of him, inside the small cabin, a fire burned brightly. It would have been more than easy for him to have gone in, stayed but a few minutes and come out again, warm. But his strict New England conscience would not allow him to do this. He drew from his pocket a small Bible and stood shivering, reading in the cold.

BROWN, '23.

CLUBS
SOCIETIES

Davis
Kirk
Armstrong
Doubleday
Johnson
Lambeth
Macdonald



Colors: Red and Black

Officers

Brown	*President*	Flanagan	*Secretary*
Barnes	*Vice-President*	Hanby	*Treasurer*

Monorary Members

Miss Shipp
Mrs. McBee

Members

Brown	Cave	Howell	Marion
Barnes	Council	James	Parsons
Bizzell	Flanagan	M. Lineberger	Seaver
Bland	Hanby	F. Lineberger	Shelton
Bell			M. Tate

Cotillion Club

"Charlie" Shelton, *Leader*

Members

"Mike" McIver
"Marshall" Woodward
"Eddie" Flanagan
"Bill" Laxton
"Jim" Barnes
"Larrie" Doubleday
"Bonnie" Hanby
"John" Seaver
"Edwin" Brown
'Mart" Lineberger
"Jack" Marion
"Roger" Lambeth
"George" Bizzell
"Mark Cato" Tate
"Bobby" Metz
"Tommy" Carter
"Fin" Williamson
"Nevett" Steele

Cotillion Club Dances

Fall—November 18
Spring—April 28
Orchestra for both dances.

HENDERSONVILLE ECHO

JUNE 12, 1935

Society and Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Holloman entertained last night with a very delightful dance at Carolina Terrace in honor of Miss Katherine Marion of Mount Airy, whose engagement to a very charming man from Baltimore, brother, we believe, of one of Miss Marion's closest friends, has just been announced. The event of the evening was the "flame dance", by Miss Westray Kirk, assisted by Mr. Jonathan Jonani, her dancing partner. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino IV, nee Miss Flora MacDonald, and Mrs. Bob Barton were out-of-town guests for the occasion.

* * *

President Matalee T. Lake will come through Hendersonville next Wednesday on 191 on her way to Asheville for a short stay at Grove Park. The president is accompanied only by her secretary, F. G. Armstrong, and her medical adviser, A. H. Montgomery.

* * *

Miss Christine James, very successful matron of the Harriman Orphanage, made an appealing address at the opera house last night. Miss James is greatly admired in this vicinity for the kindly, patient manner which she has for the lonely orphans, and for the efficient way she has carried on the financial part of the great establishment.

* * *

Mrs. Marion Tarrant, chaperoning Miss Doris Howell, motored through this city Tuesday last. Miss Howell, a charmingly original young woman, is bound for Charlestown, W. Va., to marry a man whom she met through the columns of a matrimonial journal. She describes him, laughingly, "tall, blond, good-looking". He is to carry a red geranium in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other.

* * *

Miss Marion Taber is the founder of a new "Mutual Interest Society" for the promulgation of better and more understanding feeling between all parties. She maintains that everybody is interested in his neighbor, and this organization is to give him a chance to prove it. We are watching its development with approval.

* * *

The Red horror has come at last to Hendersonville. Misses E. Berry and M. Parker have been arrested and imprisoned on a charge of sedition and conspiracy. Their radical leanings have been known for some time, but only recently have they developed into rank anarchists.

* * *

WANTED—One Japanese sunshade by blonde young lady with yellow streaks and bone head. C. BELL.

WANTED—One unbreakable rule, law, statute, or commandment. Apply in person to E. WALKE.

WANTED—Two dozen pink lilies. McDONALD, M. TABER, WOODWARD.

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES CAUGHT AT LAST!

During his recent visit the Prince of Wales declared that Baltimoreans were the most attractive girls in the world, and that Miss Elizabeth Woodward was and is the most charming. They are to be married in Baltimore early in June.

* * *

Miss Frances Reynolds, the world's greatest broncho buster, rode in the horse show at the Vanderbilt estate last Thursday.

* * *

Judge Caroline Parker is taking a rest cure at Esmeralda Inn, after the very trying Bland-Moore case. Miss Bland was acquitted of the death of Miss Moore, who is said to have killed herself laughing.

Calendar, 1922-1923

SEPTEMBER.

27—Opening of school.
28—Registration.
30—Dance of acquaintance.

OCTOBER.

6—Footall game—C. M. N. A. versus Bingham.
7—Fassifern's birthday.
8—Service—Father Lobdell.
14—Old girls' party to the new girls.
21—Circus.
28—Retire party.

NOVEMBER.

2—Dinner to seniors by president.
4—T. K. S. dinner; Miss Wright's recital.
11—Red Cross picnic.
18—Cotillion.
22—Carolina Glee Club.
25—New girls' party to the old girls.
27—Sophomore-junior basketball game.

DECEMBER

2—Junior fashion show.
8—The Irene Jonani concert.
9—Seniors present "Reveries of a Bachelor".
13—Field day; junior-senior game.
16—Christmas pageant.
18—Senior and faculty banquet.
21—Christmas holiday.

JANUARY.

3—Students return.
6—Juniors present "The Beauty Shoppe".
13—Fassifern-Asheville game; students' recital.
20—Cabaret party for Thompson orphanage.

FEBRUARY.

3—Senior tea.
19—Valentine party.
17—Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn.
24—Senior play, "Love and Tea".

MARCH.

3—Students' recital.
17—Students' recital.
23—Fassifern-Grove Park game.
24—Expression recital.
29—Easter holiday.

APRIL.

3—Students return.
7—T. K. S. dance.
14—Impromptu theatricals.
21—Junior-senior banquet.
27—T. K. S. hay ride.
28—Cotillion.

MAY.

1—Field day; concert.
5—T. K. S. dance to W. A. W.'s.
12—W. A. W. party and hay ride to T. K. S.
13—Methodist colored choir.
18—Hazel Ewbank's party to the sophomores; Virginia Ewbank's party to the juniors.
22—Dorothy Hobbs' party to seniors.
24—Party to seniors given by president.
25—Children's recital.
26—Class day; pageant, "Sleeping Beauty".
27—Baccalaureate sermon.
28—Graduation.
29—Home.

Familiar Fibs

I didn't have time.
I'm perfectly sure I handed in that paper.
The bell didn't ring.
Spoke after lights, but it was necessary.
I have my notebook nearly ready; will hand it in tomorrow.
I didn't say a word, Miss Belcher.
I didn't know we had to hand it in—I wrote all over it.

Can You Imagine

Miss Ricaud not giving tests?
Miss Hart not giving less than twenty-five disorders?
Miss Steinbrenner late to meals?
Miss Belcher on time to meals?
Miss Weiss without an idea?
Miss Jennie not giving Woodward disorders?
Coxe with a clean face?
Laura Wilkinson on time?
Judy not managing Saturday nights?
Molly Magill exerting herself?
Kirk getting up on time?
Baxter not saying, "Oh, pardon me"?
Parker without a literal argument?
Matilda without a giggle?
Boots not acting?
Marjorie Tate without George?
Eleanor without Poosty?
Christine without her chemicals?
Fifi walking straight?

Advice to the Juniors

CLASS DAY SPEECH, BY RAE STEELE

PARDON my being up here, but someone made a huge mistake when I was chosen to give advice. Imagine someone trying to give advice to others who cannot give herself any.

Perhaps, juniors, I'd better give a few pointers for the class as a whole. You know it's always better for a class to pull as a whole, not in parts, because "the whole is greater than any of its parts." I know it's going to be a hard pull for everyone of you even to try to get up as high as where we started in the beginning of the year. And all this year we have been variables approaching a limit-perfection. Now, therefore, at the end of the year, we find our record one hundred plus, plus, plus. But don't think for a minute we haven't had a good many hard knocks, because it never rained but what it poured. Everyone of you knows how much it has rained all year. It's a wonder we weren't drowned long ago. Taking, then, the class as a whole I advised you to carry out our dignity, our superiority, our fascinating little tactful ways (we're just full of them, you know). There's a lot in being tactful. For a concrete example, suppose you were caught chewing gum! What would you do? Don't give in and look as meek as an angel and get three or four pages of copying on your hands! Step right up! Be frank! Put on a most important expression. If the teacher asks what kind you're chewing, say "Juicy Fruit. It's much the best for your health." If she asks you what you mean, say you're not mean at all. You might add that your dentist said chewing gum was good for the teeth, especially your kind. That might help.

Don't ever talk after lights. Just mutter and mumble, that won't be breaking the rule. If asked whether you were talking after lights reply, "No." If the questioner is persistent enough to ask what you were doing, then answer airily, "I wouldn't ask *you* that! Remember the old saying, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies.' "

Those of you who have prophetic hope that you will room in McBee Hall next year must remember to bring back with you the following most necessary articles:

1. One pair of tight-fitting, well-padded, sneaky bed-room slippers. You'll find they will help you greatly in conveying you from one room to another in the wee small hours of the morning. Remember when using these slippers to keep close to the wall on all occasions, and if coming from the other direction keep near the banisters. In the middle the boards are so resentful that they have a rude and disagreeable way of talking.

2. One exceedingly low-pitched voice. The walls in McBee Hall are thin and you will find that the rooms will adapt themselves only to a soft, low voice.

3. One extra double sheet, in case you lose your hair curlers. One double sheet when torn into strips one inch by six inches will make enough strips for a natural-sized bobbed head.

4. One quart can of olive oil and an eye dropper to manipulate it with. Each door hinge and certain boards in the floor should be treated regularly with six drops of oil every week to keep them in a good humor for opening and shutting at weird hours of the night. The girl who has Room 8 in McBee Hall should bring an extra pint of oil and look out for the broad bed. It is comfortable, nice and soft, most inviting, and has a restful, peaceful expression. But beware! If you see fit to visit your next door neighbor without waking up the rest of McBee Hall you must oil the left and right sides regularly. Or if it's your aim to avoid all slippery places in life, there is one other way, demanding perfect muscular control. Since the top and bottom of the bed don't screech, you can back down the middle of the bed and slide gingerly over the bottom. Then you will be all right.

Mind this advice carefully. Experience tells me that it will help you out of many difficulties.

But seriously, juniors, remember this through whatever you do or whatever you don't do—that where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a way to be Miss Kate's "Helpers" that's the best way and the only way of all.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of '23

ET all men know by these presents that we, the Class of '23, being sound in mind and body, but realizing the uncertainty of our estate of seniority, do hereby give and bequeath our personal traits and academic rights, as follows:

First. McBee Hall and all that it contains, together with the residue of our senior privileges, to the Class of '24.

Second. The Class of '23 bequeaths to Judith Shelton the exclusive and inclusive rights in the shopping privileges of the seniors.

Third. Georgie Armstrong bequeaths her great executive abilities to Frances McIver.

Fourth. Katharine Johnson bequeaths her laurels and brilliance to Corinna Laxton.

Fifth. Elizabeth Woodward bequeaths her popularity to the Class of '24, there being a sufficient quantity to make them all joint heirs.

Sixth. Rosaline Williamson bequeaths her impetuosity and propensity for getting into scrapes to Jessamine Willcox and Elizabeth Berry, she having enough for two.

Seventh. Margaret Doubleday bequeaths her queenly dignity and poise to Louisa Taber, she needing it most conspicuously.

Eighth. Posy bequeaths her sweetness to Rose Lambeth, thereby making her indeed the "sweetest flower that grows".

Ninth. Since we do not wish to be selfish and include only Fassifern in these bequests, Rae Steele bequeaths her voice to the Victor Talking Machine Co., to be reproduced for posterity.

Tenth. Matilda bequeaths her giggle to Martha Parker, she being the only sophomore without that useful appendage.

Eleventh. Elisabeth Councill bequeaths her position as music star to Mary Clara Tate.

Twelfth. Matalee Lake bequeaths her spotless and shining career as senior president to next year's president, the class adding the hope that the next incumbent will equal this reputation.

Thirteenth. The Class of '23 bequeaths their amassed sum of good will as an endowment fund, to be under the control of Marion Taber.

Fourteenth. The residue of our estate, that being our class spirit, our school loyalty, and our warm friendship, we, the Class of '23, bequeath to you, the new Senior Class, your former repute having merited this bequest.

This, the last will and testament of the Class of '23, being duly witnessed by

MRS. ANNA C. MCBEE
MISS KATE C. SHIPP

is hereby signed and sealed by MATALEE LAKE,
FLORA MCDONALD
GEORGIE ARMSTRONG,
Class Officers.

CAROLINE PARKER,
Class Lawyer.

Just for Fun

Fifi (while reading the *Literary Digest*): "How strange I never see anything about Fassifern in this book!"

* * *

Mrs. Drysdale: "Where does the Humboldt River end, Miss Freeze?"

Miss Freeze: "In an iceberg."

* * *

Shuey: "You dye your hair?"

Elliot: "'Tis false."

Shuey: "I wasn't sure."

* * *

Miss Ricaud: "What is the motto of England?"

Wallace: "Long live the King!"

A new girl asked me something—
Of course, I knew it all;
But when she asked for "Miss Bursar"
I was a blank stone wall.

* * *

Professor of Paleodendrology: "Tell me, what does T. K. S. mean?"

Professor of Egyptology: "Well, I think it means Terrible Kids Society."

First Prof: "And W. A. W.?"

Second: "Worse and Worse."

Miss Ricaud: "What is a metaphor?"

Dumbell: "That's easy. That's a pasture for cows."

* * *

ASK MISS BELCHER

Is a polygon a dead parrot?

Sixteenth Commencement

May 25-May 28

Friday

Children's Recital.
Art Exhibition.

Saturday Morning

Class Day Exercises—

March . . . . . Miss Wright
"Fassifern, Thy Glory Brightens" . . . . . Sung by Student Body
Presentation of Flowers by Juniors . . . . . L. Wilson, '24
Presentation of Flowers by Sophomores . . . . . Frances Scales
Presentation of Flowers by Freshmen . . . . . Elizabeth Berry
Welcome . . . . . Matalee Lake, Senior President
Senior History . . . . . Matilda Barnes
Senior Poem . . . . . Katharine Johnson
Senior Prophecy . . . . . Margaret Doubleday
Last Will of the Class of '23 . . . . . Caroline Parker
Advice to the Juniors . . . . . Rae Steele
Junior Response . . . . . Judith Shelton

A gift of appreciation was presented by Miss Shipp to Matalee Lake for her faithfulness, loyalty and school spirit.

Saturday Afternoon

Pageant—"The Sleeping Beauty" . . . . . Student Body

The Sleeping Beauty . . . . . Matalee Lake
Prince Charming . . . . . Judith Shelton
The Queen . . . . . Margaret Doubleday
The King . . . . . Katharine Johnson
First Unsuccessful Prince . . . . . Elizabeth Woodward
Second Unsuccessful Prince . . . . . Rosalind Williamson
Wicked Fairy . . . . . Elizabeth Brown
Good Fairy . . . . . Lillian Emerson
The Nurse . . . . . Rae Steele

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court; Fairies; Elves; Heralds; Villagers; Pages; Dignitaries

Sunday

Baccalaureate Sermon . . . Rev. Frederick Lobdell, Chaplain Oteen Hospital, Asheville, N. C.

Monday Afternoon

Graduating Exercises—

Invocation . . . . . The Rev. A. W. Farnham
Salutatory . . . . . Matilda Barnes
Address . . . . . The Rev. L. T. Wilds
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . The Rev. D. T. Johnson
Presentation of Certificates.
Presentation of Medals and Prizes.
Valedictory . . . . . Katharine Johnson

Honors and Medals

Hawkins Medal (for general excellence) . . . . . Katharine Johnson, '23
Kirk Medal (for excellence in art) . . . . . Georgiana Allston, '25
Bible Medal, Packard Medal . . . . . Barbara Metz, '25
Bland Medal (for highest average in music) . . . . . Elisabeth Councill, '23
Fleetwood Westfeldt Medal (for best monitor in Cameron Hall) . . . . . Westray Kirk, '23
Gifts of Appreciation were presented:

By Mrs. Hatch to Dorothy Seaver, for general helpfulness.
By Miss Weiss to Frances McIver and Frances Scales, for helpfulness.
By Miss Schaeffer to Frances Scales for best Monitor in Main Building.
By Miss Shipp and Miss Westfeldt to Misses Davis, Dunstan, McIver, Seaver, Shelton and Cave, for particular helpfulness.

Honorable Mention

Bible—Misses Berry, C. Parker, M. Parker and Scales. (Misses Moore and Johnson tied with Miss Metz for the Medal.)
Art—Misses Magill and C. Parker.
Music—Misses Johnson, M. Parker and M. C. Tate.

Monday Evening

Annual Concert of the more advanced pupils assisted by the Chorus and Glee Club.

¶ More than ninety universities, colleges and schools of the South favored us with their Annual printing contracts for the year 1923.

¶ This phenomenal record is the natural result of the high quality of workmanship displayed in all our publications, coupled with the very complete service rendered the Staff.

¶ From the beginning to the end we are your counselor and adviser in the financing, collecting, and editing of your book.

¶ Surely if "Experience is the best teacher," as an old maxim says, then our service must be supreme. Decide right now to know more about our work and service. Simply write for our proposition.

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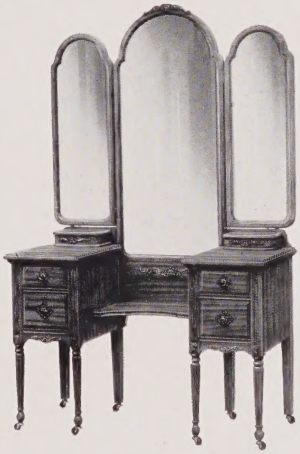

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